June 19, 1846

Today is roughly a week into our journey. We have covered some ground for only a week. We started about fifty miles from Boonville. The weather is slightly humid, but the breeze rolling off the plains is very enjoyable. Our group is covering as much ground as we can, for winter is approaching fast. Our group is aiming to land in San Miguel before the cold hits us. We packed plenty of supplies for the long trip to keep us healthy. We have several dozen wagons, and twenty or so horses. Nights have been easygoing, and comfortable. Our group is in rare bliss. It’s very hard to find conditions like this.

The group is wonderful when cooperating with one another. Every job is distributed evenly and fairly. The food is prepared every morning, noon and night, and everybody helps a little with the cooking, and cleaning. Finding fire wood proves to be difficult in vast, dry plains. We manage by using other fuels that are handy, such as buffalo chips from the local wildlife. Our water supply is surprisingly plentiful. Rain has not been a problem. It seems to rain during the late morning, into the late afternoon, and slows for the night. This, unfortunately, will not last long, for the dry season is lingering over our heads, and shall soon hit us hard.

The landscape is flat, and grassy. Very easy to travel over, but insects prove to be a great annoyance with the group, biting, eating our food, getting into our bread mixes, startling our animals, getting us sick, and spoiling our water. We do our best to ignore the pests, but this also proves to be difficult. Everyone in the group is right and healthy for the time being, and we plan to keep it that way. Most of the group is made up of young men and women, and a child or two.

We rise at the first sign of dawn, and travel until the sun reaches the top of the sky. Then we rest, and eat. When the sun starts to drop, we continue on, until it is too dangerous and dark to go on any further. We set up the wagons in a circle, and sleep under the stars by fires. There are quite a few dangers to worry about when sleeping, such as wild animals, Indian attacks, fires, lightning storms, and more. So far, we have not faced any real dangers or tragedies, so we are a very lucky group.

Right now, it is late in the afternoon, and we are heading off again. The weather is very humid, and sticky. These prairies just seem to keep on stretching. I am ending this entry now.

By: Kerry F.